Ly bliſtring fore the viſitating Sunne,
And were good Kings, when living.
Theſ. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:
The which to doe, muſt make ſome worke with *Creon*;
1. *Qu.* And that worke preſents it ſelfe to'th doing:
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow.
Then, booteles toyle muſt recompence it ſelfe,
With it's owne ſweat; Now he's ſecure,
Not dreames, we ſtand before your puiſſance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition cleere.
2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,
Drunke with his victory.
3. *Qu.* And his Army full
Of Bread, and ſloth.
Theſ. *Arteſuis* that beſt knoweſt
How to draw out fit to this enterpriſe,
The prim'ſt for this proceeding, and the number
To carry ſuch a buſineſſe, forth and levy
Our worthieſt Inſtruments, whilſt we deſpatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deede
Of Fate in wedlocke.
1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay
Commends us to a famiſhing hope.
All. Farewell.
2. *Qu.* We come unſeaſonably: But when could greeſe
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'ſt time
For beſt ſolicitation.
Theſ. Why good Ladies,
This is a ſervice, whereto I am going,
Greater then any was; it more imports me
Then all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
Our ſuit ſhall be neglected, when her Armes
Able to locke *Iove* from a Synod, ſhall

By

By warranting Moone-light
Her twyning Cherries ſhall
Vpon thy taſtefull lips, what
Of rotten Kings or blubbered
For what thou feelſt not? wh
To make *Mars* ſpurne his D
But one night with her, ever
Take hoſtage of thee for a hu
Thou ſhalt remember nothin
That Banket bids thee too.
Hip. Though much unlik
You ſhould be ſo tranſporte
I ſhould be ſuch a Suitour; y
Did I not by th'abſtayning o
Which breeds a deeper longi
That craves a preſent medcin
All Ladies ſcandall on me. T
As I ſhall here make tryall of
Either preſuming them to ha
Or ſentencing for ay their vig
Prorogue this buſines, we are
Your Sheild afore your Heart
Which is my ffee, and which
To doe theſe poore Queenes
All Queens. Oh helpe n
Our Cauſe cries for your knee
Emil. If you grant not
My Siſter her petition in that
With that Celerity, and natur
Shee makes it in: from hencef
To aske you any thing, nor b
Ever to take a Husband.
Theſ. Pray ſtand up.
I am entreating of my ſelfe t
That which you kneele to h
Leade on the Bride; get you
For ſucceſſe, and returne, om
In the pretended Celebratio

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (